CHARLES SOULE STEVE McNIVEN DEAN WHITE

DAREDEVIL

COLD DAY IN HELL

2

OF 3

MARVEL

RATED T+

DAREDEVIL

COLD DAY IN HELL

STORY
CHARLES SOULE & STEVE McNIVEN

DIALOGUE
CHARLES SOULE

ART
STEVE McNIVEN

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DEAN WHITE

LETTERS
VC's CLAYTON COWLES

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PREVIOUSLY...

Long ago, **MATT MURDOCK** used his superhuman **RADAR SENSE** and martial arts skills to protect the people of Hell's Kitchen as **DAREDEVIL**. Over the years, age took its toll and his powers faded away while a war ravaged the U.S.--leaving New York in despair and without super heroes. Matt couldn't swing around fighting crime anymore, so he served his city running a soup kitchen instead.

Everything changed when a gas bomb went off in his neighborhood. Matt went to help and the chemical smoke restored his radar sense. Descending into the subway tunnels where the bomb went off, Matt found **STEVE ROGERS** using his last bit of strength to protect a young girl he claimed to be reason for the attack. Matt was able to rescue the girl, but Steve was crushed under the rubble, and the attackers managed to dodge Matt's pursuit.

Said attackers presented Captain America's shield to their leader, Matt's old nemesis **BULLSEYE**. The villain paused in what seemed to be ongoing torture of an imprisoned and limbless **FRANK CASTLE** to welcome the other news his men reported: **DAREDEVIL HAS RETURNED**!

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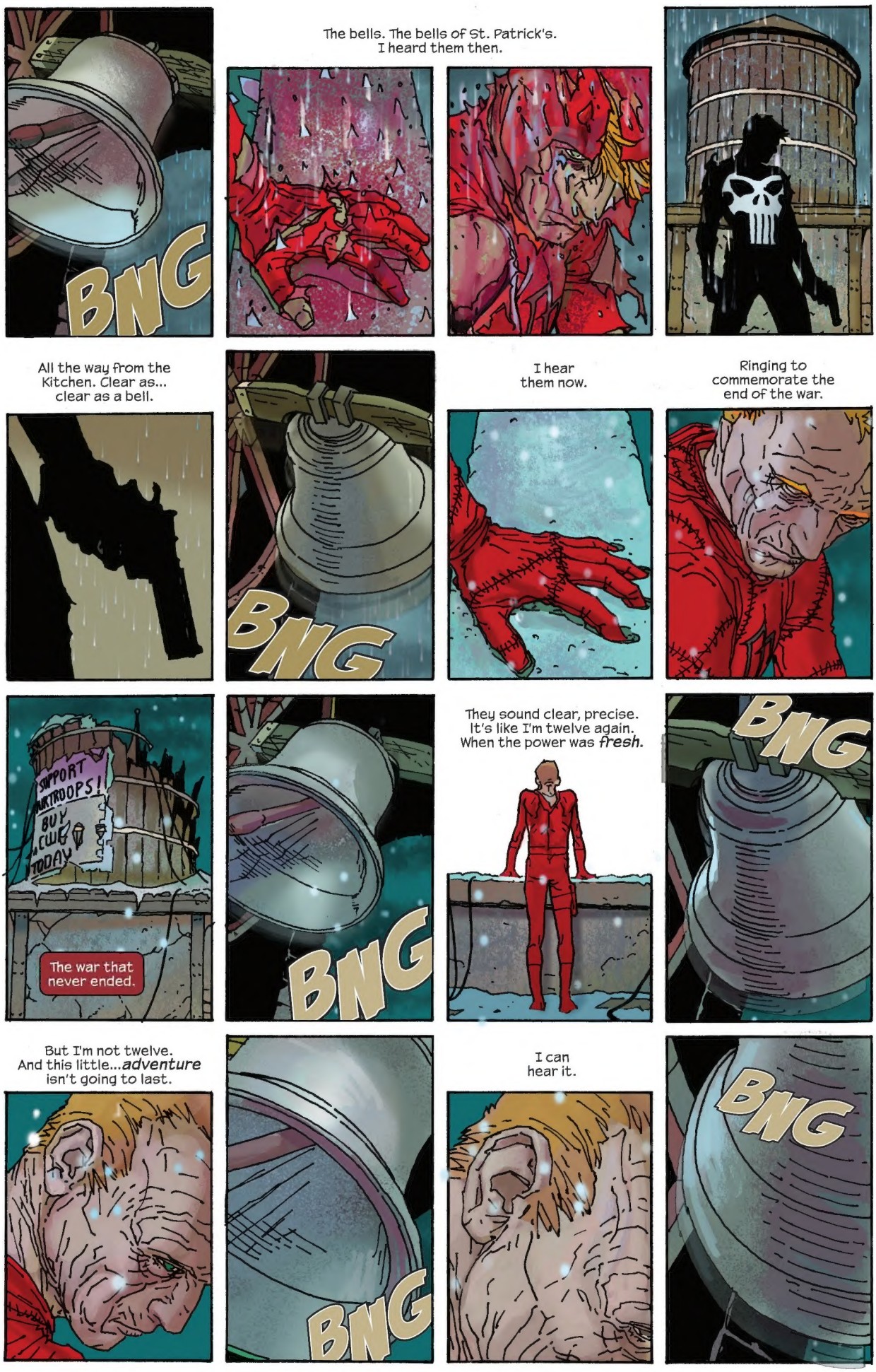
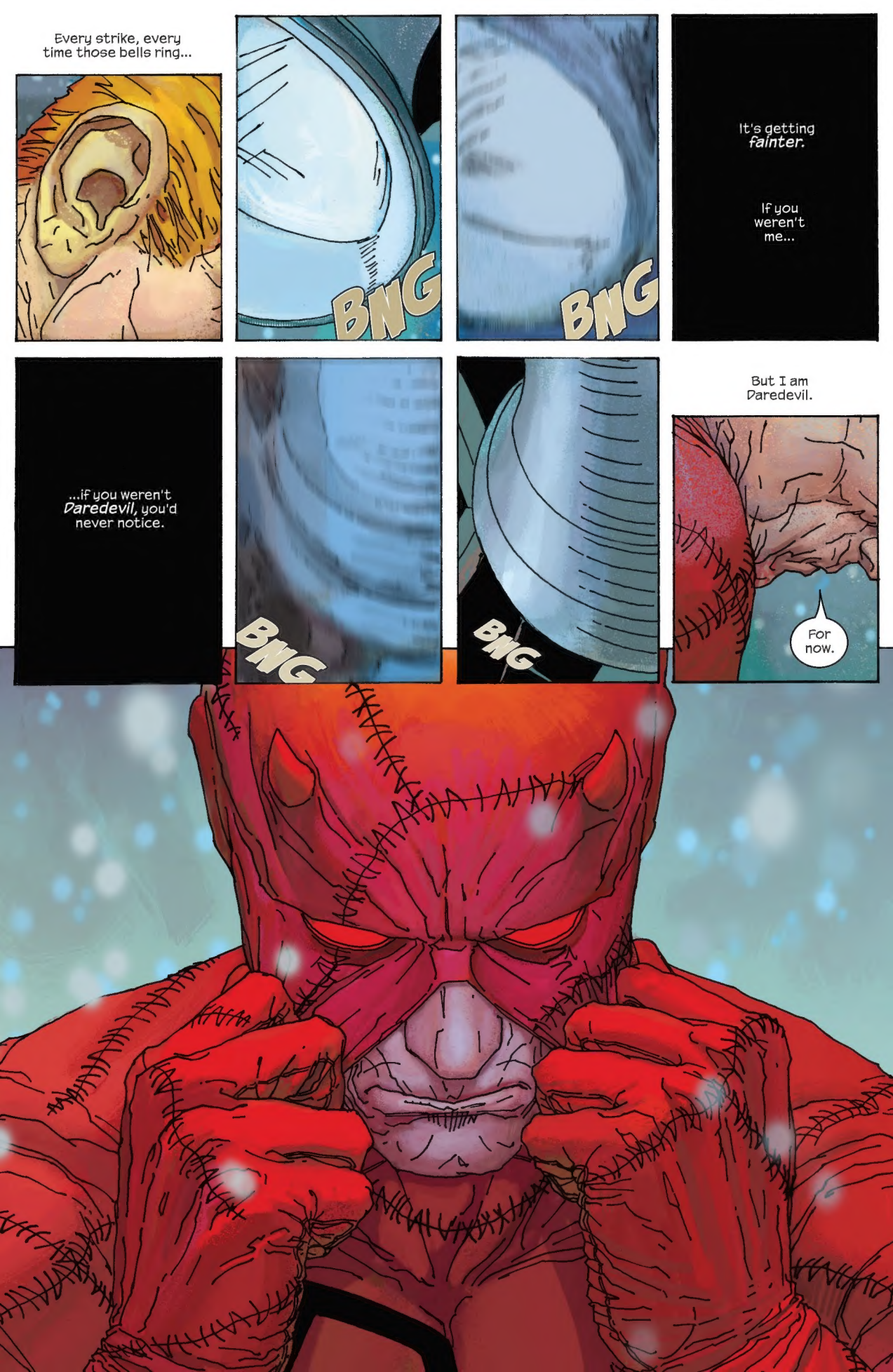
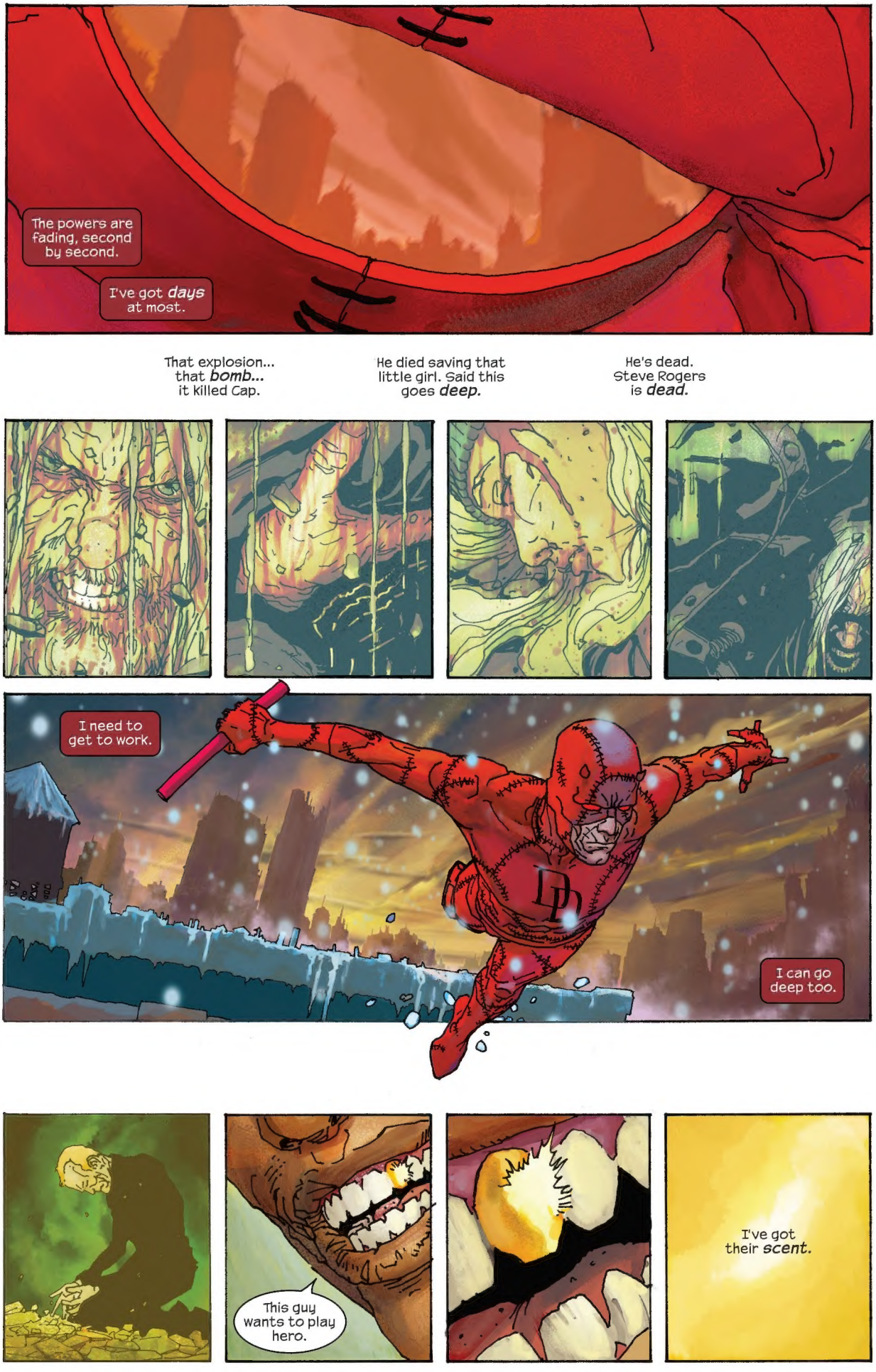
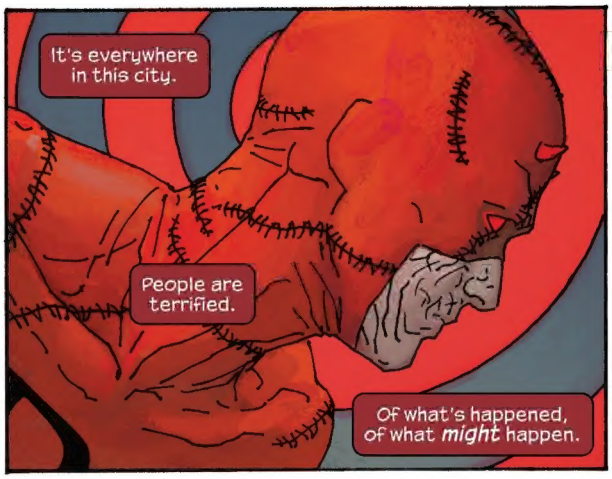

BNG
The bells. The bells of St. Patrick's.
I heard them then.
All the way from the Kitchen. Clear as... clear as a bell.
BNG
I hear them now.
Ringing to commemorate the end of the war.
SUPPORT OUR TROOPS! BUY CWG TODAY
The war that never ended.
BNG
They sound clear, precise. It's like I'm twelve again. When the power was *fresh.*
BNG
But I'm not twelve. And this little...*adventure* isn't going to last.
BNG
I can hear it.
BNG


Every strike, every time those bells ring...
BNG
BNG
It's getting *fainter.*
If you weren't me...
...if you weren't *Daredevil,* you'd never notice.
BNG
BNG
But I am Daredevil.
For now.


The powers are fading, second by second.
I've got *days* at most.
That explosion... that *bomb...* it killed Cap.
He died saving that little girl. Said this goes *deep.*
He's dead. Steve Rogers is *dead.*
I need to get to work.
I can go deep too.
This guy wants to play hero.
I've got their *scent.*

--information on the H--⸗zzxckl⸗ Kitchen explosion remains ⸗zzrck⸗--ted at this point--
100
120
140
160
--first responders are having difficulty clearing debris because of radiation levels in the--
Reception down here's garbage.
You need some help, boss?
I could get the boys, we could go out and--
Gah!
FLK
My ear... Boss, why'd you--?
Was aiming for your eye.
Leave me be, idiot.
Can't you see I'm trying to find something?
Someone, actually. Someone special.
Listen, Matt.
You can hear like a kid again.
So what do you hear?

Rage.


It's everywhere in this city.
People are terrified.
Of what's happened, of what *might* happen.

Everyone is everyone's enemy.

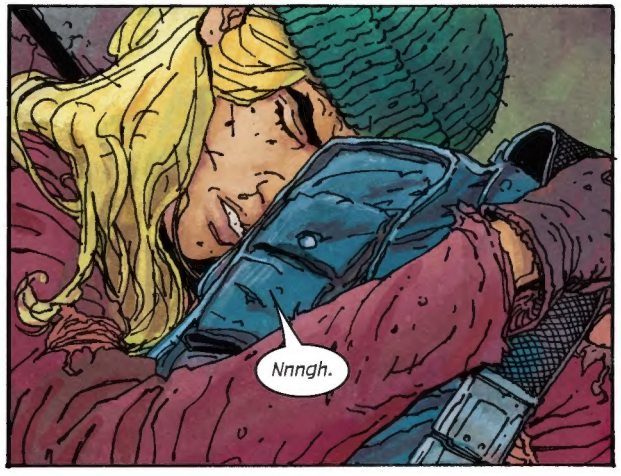
Anyone who needs help is *weak*.
They can't let themselves be weak. Not in *this* world.
They tell themselves they're strong.

They're just *afraid*.
ENLIST NOW

--szzking for survivors, but--
Where are you? Why are you *hiding*?

I can make you *happy*.

You can make *me* happy.


Nnngh.

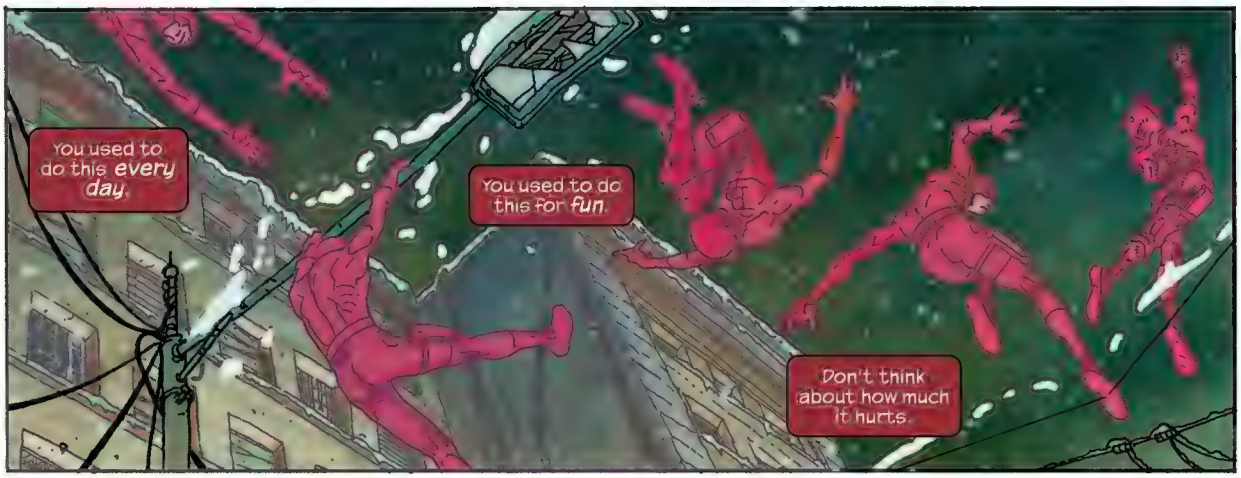
I feel--

Ohhhh... I feel so...
What--?
...bright.
THRRRRMMMM
What is it? What's happening?
Dunno-- maybe some kinda deebee--
Agh!

Hnnnh...
My eyes!
Blind... I'm blind!
It was like the sun... She was like the sun.
--another incident, this time in Times Square. It's unclear if it's another explosion--
--initial reports describe a young woman, a girl, hovering above the ground and unleashing an incredibly bright wave of light--
Boys! BOYS! Time to roll!
Times Square. Not far.
Could've gotten there in two minutes in the old days.
Drive! Go! Boss was serious.
It'll be serious if I flip the ambulance. Just shut up. I'm going.

Oh my god... is it going to happen again?
Just keep running!
ENDLESS WAR?
LATEST NEWS
What? What happened?

No... No way.
DISPATCH


You used to do this every day.
You used to do this for fun.
Don't think about how much it hurts.

Just be him.
Just be him.

Daredevil.

I can't see... I can't *see!*
Someone, please...*help me!*
I'm here.
You're experiencing *flash blindness.* It's rarely permanent.
Your eyes took in more light than they were ready for, that's all. They'll heal.
How do you know? How do you know that? What if you're wrong?
What if I'm *blind?*
Don't be afraid.
I got you, ma'am. Come this way.
That girl... she just went up in the air, and--
What are you sensing, Matt?
What do you remember?
From the tunnel. After the explosion.
With Cap.
Strawberry lip balm and pencil erasers.
The girl.
She ran.
This way.

Got this far...
...and she was gone.
Taken.
Stolen.
There you go, kid.
Get some rest.
Looks like you could use it.
Livin' on the streets--ain't easy. I know.
You're lucky we found you. Real lucky.
Lucky for you, easy for us.
You're radioactive, you know that? Not too much, but enough.
Boss gave us a gadget, picked you right up.
You're gonna love the boss.
He's real excited to meet you.
Gonna lose his mind.

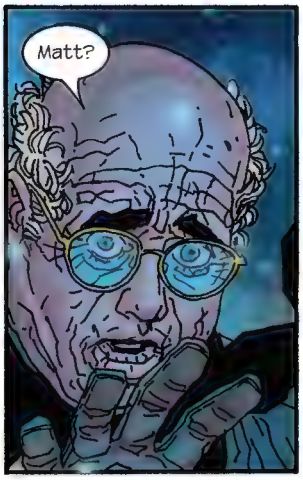
If I wanted mindless speculation, Nelson, I'd have called my husband.
FRANKLIN P. NELSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Nothing I say is mindless, Coralie, which is, in fact, why you called me.
But speculation is all we've got. Nobody's talking about what happened in Hell's Kitchen.
My government contacts have gone as quiet as a church mouse. Could have been the deebees, but it doesn't really track.
And now this new thing in Times Square--
Yeah, about that.
Do you think they're connected?
TINK
Do you think the bad old days are back?
Nelson?
Could be, Coralie.
Could be.
Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go.
It seems... I have another meeting.
SLM
Maude!
Where's my coat?
On the hook, just like always. Are you going out, sir?
Not out, Maude.
"Up."

Foggy.
Matt... my god.
My *god.*
Are you out of your *mind?*
It's... it's...
It's *so good to see you.*
But... how?
I was near the explosion in Hell's Kitchen. The radioactivity reactivated my powers.
But I don't have a lot of time, Foggy. They're fading fast, and I have a lot to do.
I need to find out who set off that bomb. I owe it to the city, I owe it to Steve Rogers.
You owe it to *yourself,* Matt.
My god, look at you.
You're *back.*
But I have to say, you'll be *Daredevil* again, but you still refuse to practice *law?*
Where's the logic in that?
You know what happened, Foggy. After Fisk...I can't do it anymore. Never again.
My mission was all I needed--that's what I could do. But now, God's given me this chance.
I can't ignore this. I can't *waste* it. I can--
Atone, Matt? Will you *listen to me?* You have *nothing to atone for.*
If you want to run around on rooftops...

...do it for the *joy* of it.

Lord knows that's what I'd be doing if I got a new lease on--

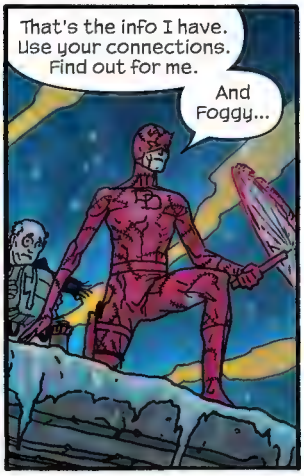
Matt? What's wrong?


Matt?

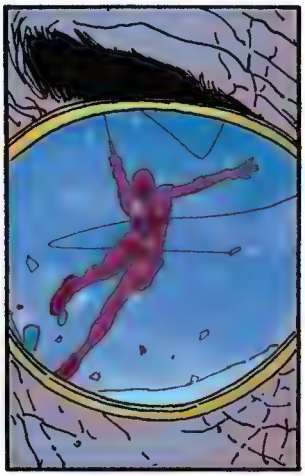
I'm all right. It's like I said. The powers...they're in and out.

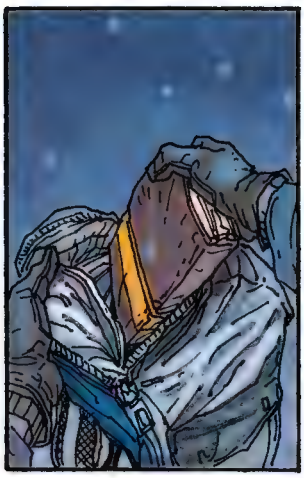
You're going to get yourself killed.
Not quite the tragedy it would have been when I was twenty-five, Foggy.

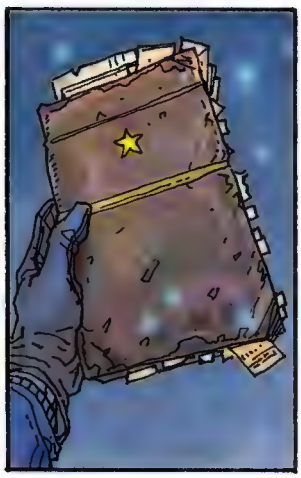
The government's running something called the *"New Warriors"* program.
I need to know what it is.


That's the info I have. Use your connections. Find out for me.
And Foggy...

...it's good to see you too.







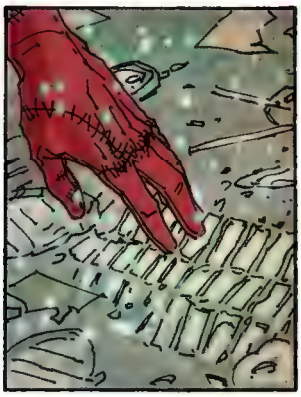
PROPERTY OF STEVE ROGERS

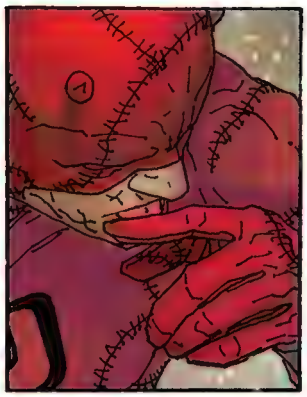
...leaves *tracks.*

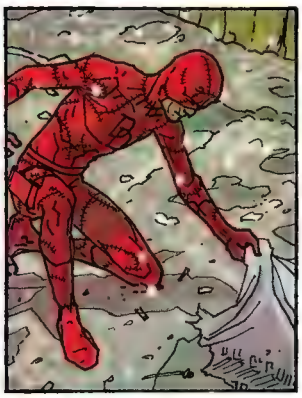
Put the picture together.

Scraped against here, left paint.

One of the tents they ripped through.





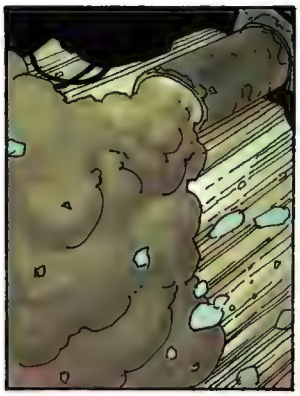


Dragged it along for a while.

Saturated...

...with their *exhaust.*

Nice of them to leave me a path.



Two million vehicles in New York City. I need to track a single exhaust trail.
Almost impossible... but I could have done it when I was young. Back at the *beginning*.
And I can do it *now*.
The new beginning.
Where?
Where?
There.
You guys *ever* see the boss that happy?
Giving him that kid...was like Christmas and his birthday and his ex fell off a bridge all on the same day.
We did that for him.
He ain't ever gonna forget it.
Things are gonna *change* for us.
KRCK
Rrgh!
WHP

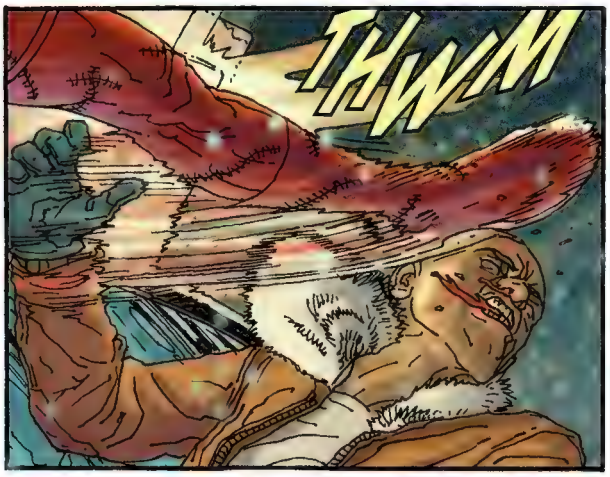
Where.
Where is the *girl*?
Who the--?
Oh man. I know.
Boss talks about you.
Check it out, boys.
It's $%&#in' *Daredevil.*

What are you... a *hundred?*
Not quite.

But it's been a while.
What do you think, Murdock...

...you up for a fight?

Whaddya think the boss will do if we bring him *Daredevil,* boys?
Let's find--


THWM

Yeah.
Let's find out.

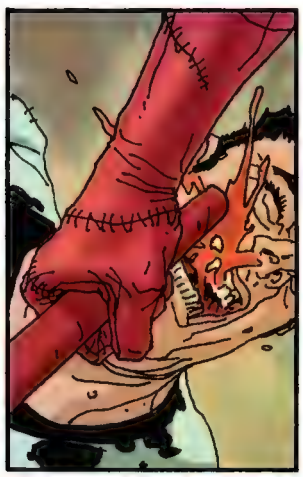
You're here for a reason.

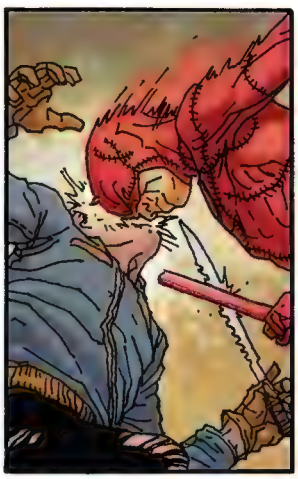
This is the path you've been set. This is all part of the plan.

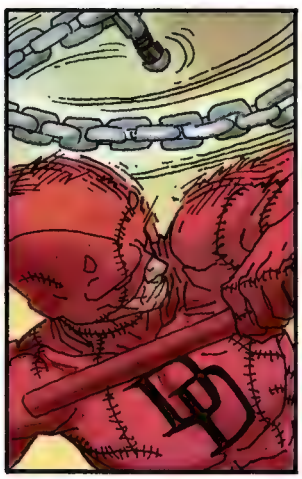
God can be cruel, but he is not *foolish*.

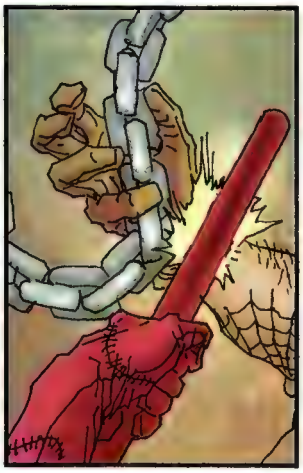
He would not *waste* his warrior on ones such as these.

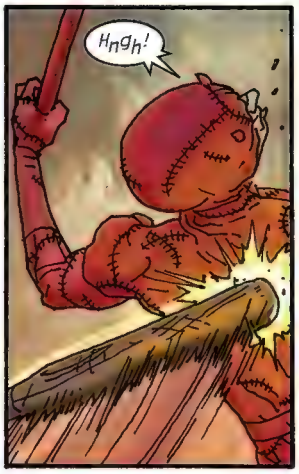
You will not die here today.











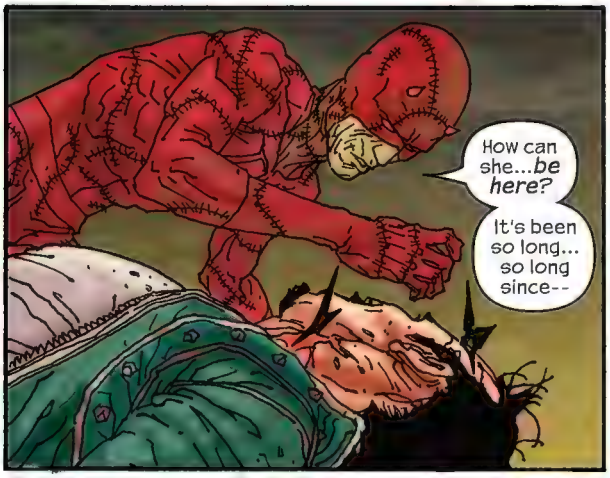
Aagh!
Rrgh!
Maybe the boss would be happier if we brought this guy in alive.
He gave.
Dead seems safer.
And now...it seems He'll take.
Why? Why?
How about that?
I killed Daredevil.
SHK
SHHK
SHK

Stand up, old man.
It's not your time.

That voice.
Impossible.

BNG
That scent.
Evergreen, and blood, and the air before a storm.
BADABDA

Elektra.


How can she...*be here?*
It's been so long... so long since--

She's--

Elektra.

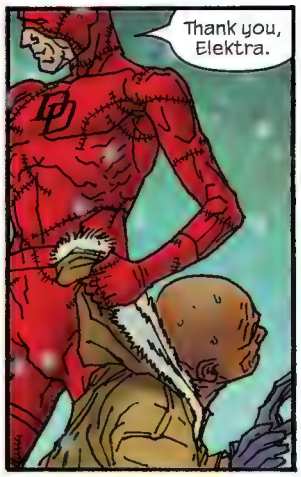
SLSH
NO
Elektra, stop!
You don't have to--
No...not now, not--
Get up...get up...
You dare. You dare?
Rodent.
Lady, please, I--
You think you're a beast? You're prey.
Elektra.
Nnf!
I am the beast.
Yes. You are.
You always were.

What are you *doing?*

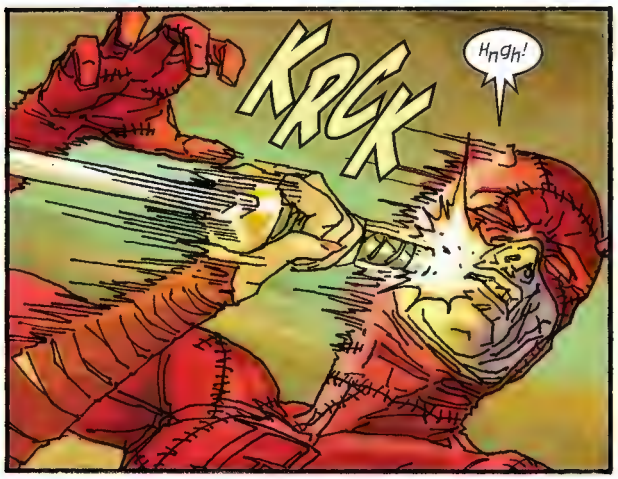
I need this one. I *need* him.

This worm?

Take him.

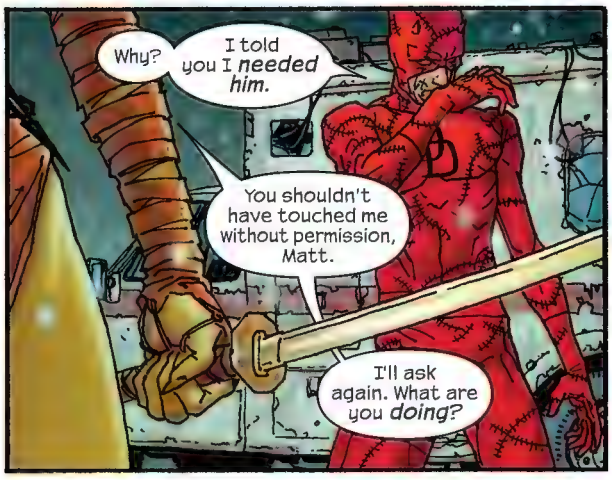

Thank you, Elektra.

Yeah, thank you, Elektra, seriously, you're--

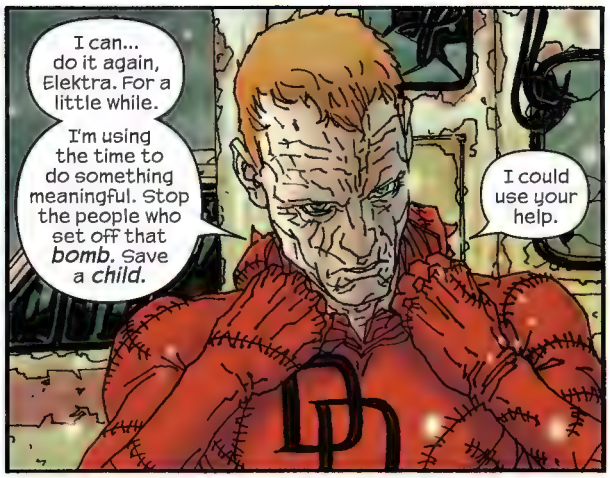

KRCK
Hngh!

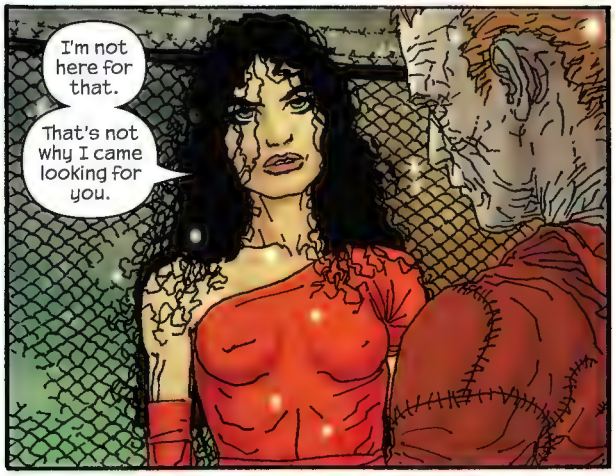
And now you *run.*

Tell him we're *coming.*
Fast. How is she still so *fast?*


Why?
I told you I *needed him.*
You shouldn't have touched me without permission, Matt.
I'll ask again. What are you *doing?*

Her voice. Her body.
She hasn't aged a *day*. Not in *decades*.


I can... do it again, Elektra. For a little while.
I'm using the time to do something meaningful. Stop the people who set off that *bomb*. Save a *child*.
I could use your help.


I'm not here for that.
That's not why I came looking for you.

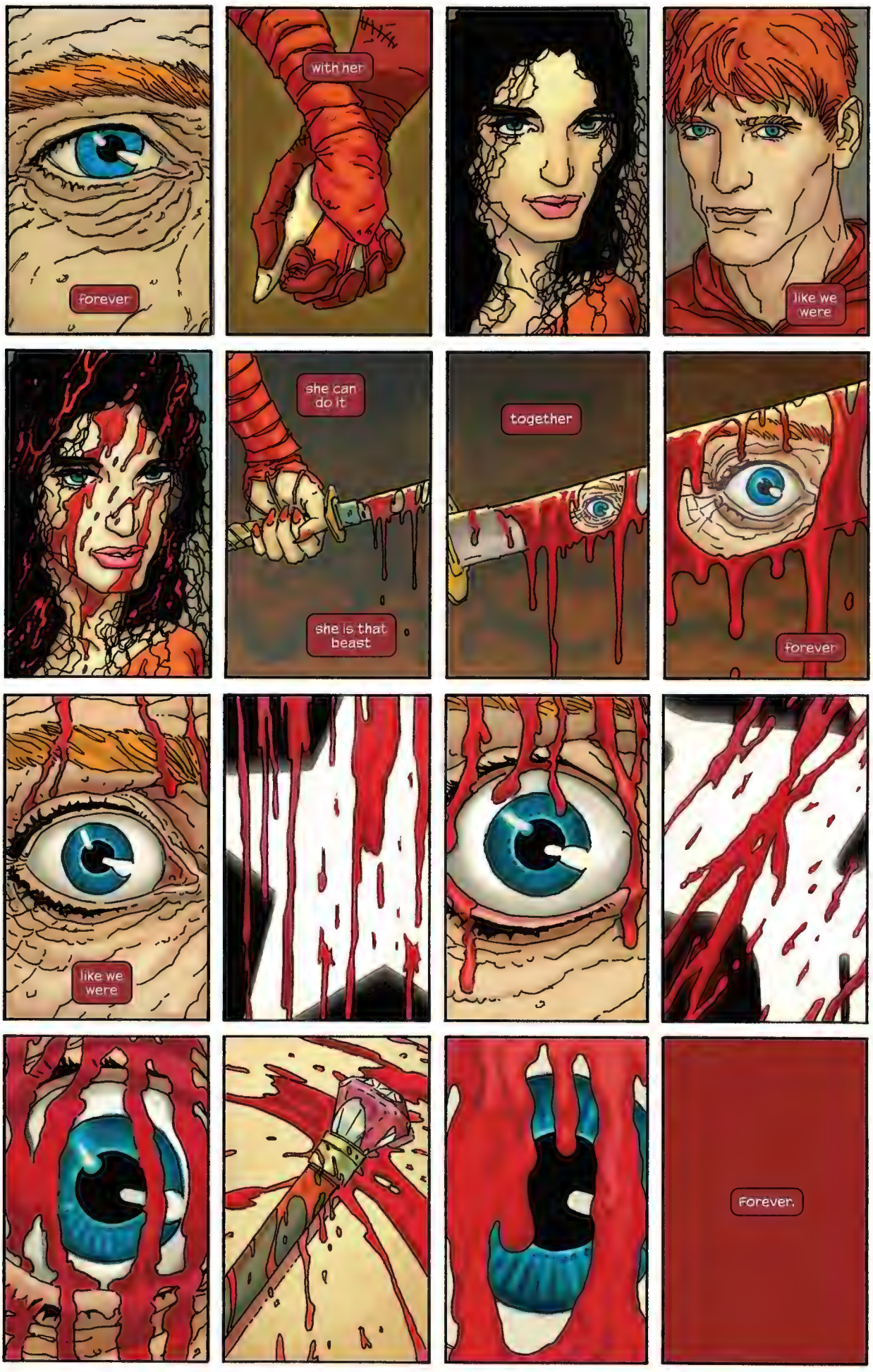
Then I don't have time for this.
Be well, Elektra.

I can give you time.

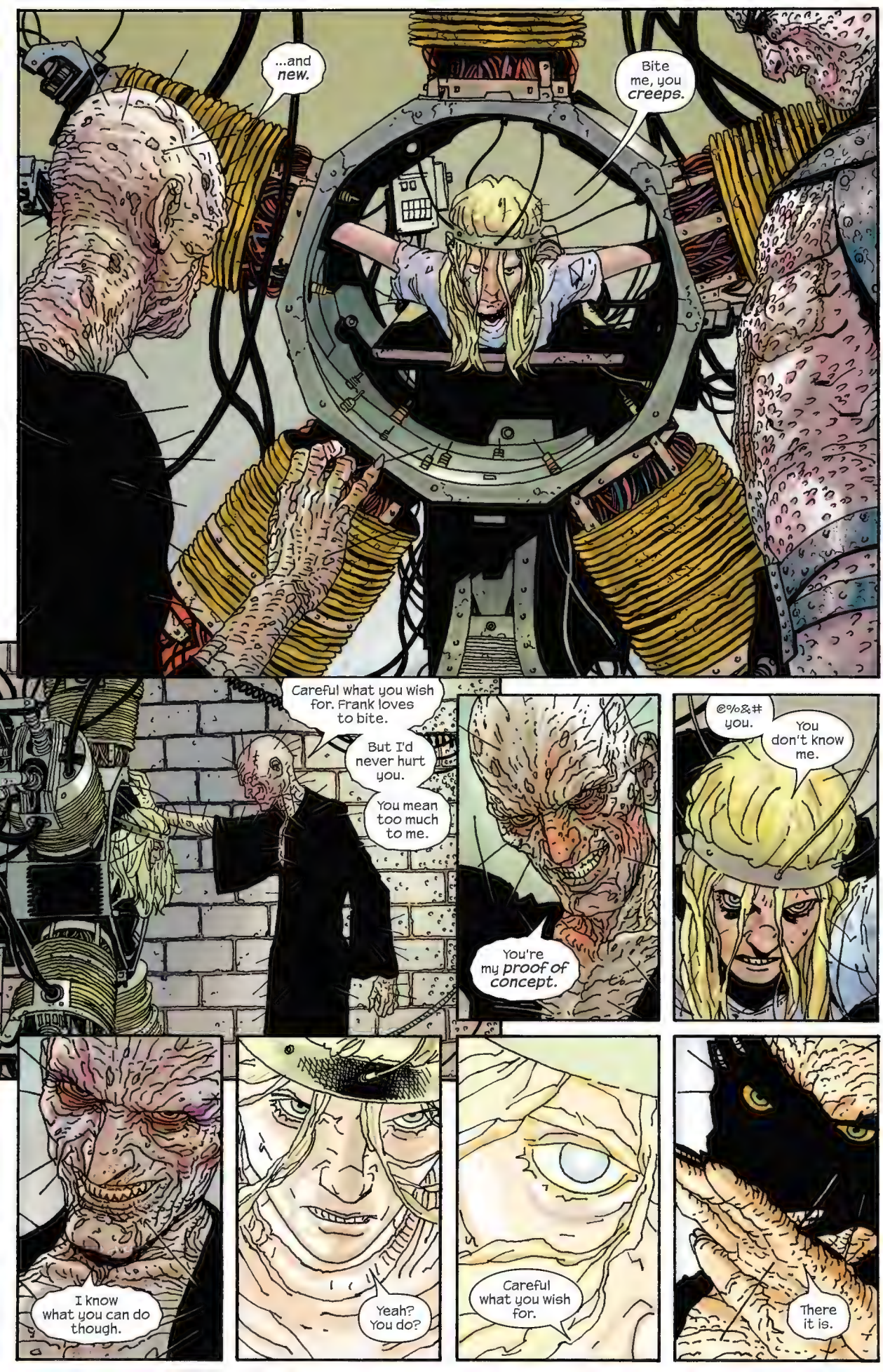
As much time as you want.
As much time as I have.

Forever.

With me.

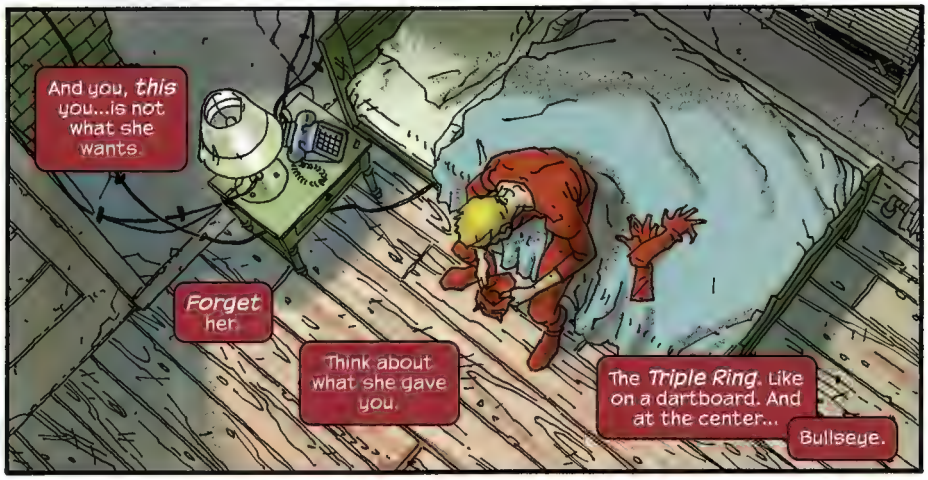

forever
with her
like we were
she can do it
she is that beast
together
forever
like we were
forever.

You said, "Tell him we're coming."
You know what's happening, don't you? The explosion, the rest.
You know where that man's running to. Tell me.
Who is "him"?
They're called the Triple Ring.
"I don't know where they're headquartered.
"But they answer to an old friend of ours."
Boss...it was *Daredevil*, or some other old guy in his suit. He could *fight* though.
And this *woman*--she was the devil too, worse, maybe. Dressed in red, curly dark hair. They *knew each other*.
How *wonderful*.
Did you hear that, Castle?
Old friends...


...and *new.*
Bite me, you *creeps.*
Careful what you wish for. Frank loves to bite.
But I'd never hurt you.
You mean too much to me.
You're my *proof of concept.*
@%&# you.
You don't know me.
I know what you can do though.
Yeah? You do?
Careful what you wish for.
There it is.

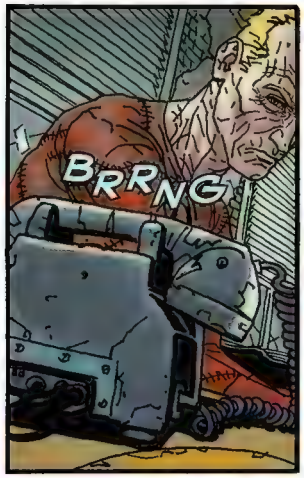
SZZZCK
Nyyyeeeargh!
Oh. Oh my.
You beautiful little thing.
My machine there keeps you in check, but I can tell... I can tell you're something *special*.
PAT PAT
What are you...gonna do to me?
Just keep you safe until the time is right.
You're the start of everything.
I'm off. Something important to do.
If you get bored, ask my friend on the wall to tell you a story. He's got lots of stories. Fascinating life he's led.
Your name's... Frank?
I'm *Tyra*.

Elektra did always want things the way she wanted them.


And you, *this* you...is not what she wants.
Forget her.
Think about what she gave you.
The *Triple Ring*. Like on a dartboard. And at the center...
Bullseye.

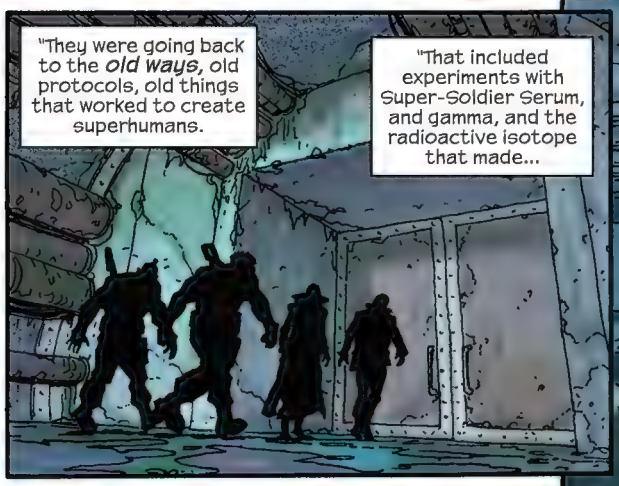
Just right along here, boys.
It's going to be like it used to be. Just you wait.
This ain't nostalgia talkin', either. Not some old man's rose-colored glasses.

You'll see.


BRRNG

Yeah?
Matt. I think I have what you're looking for.

The *New Warriors* project was a government-funded program--an attempt to reactivate the... well, the *powered* community.
To help with the *war effort*.
Uh-huh.
The war's over, Foggy.


"They were going back to the *old ways*, old protocols, old things that worked to create superhumans.
"That included experiments with Super-Soldier Serum, and gamma, and the radioactive isotope that made...

"...well, that made *you*, Matt.

"A *shipment* of that stuff was stolen--dozens of barrels.

"No one knows who took it. But that bomb in Hell's Kitchen, it was *riddled* with it. About a barrel's worth.

"And the rest of it...it's *still out there.*"

Here we are, boys. Beautiful, ain't it?

Take a good long gander. You know what you're looking at?

The *future.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO BE
CONTINUED...

Welcome back, Readers Without Fear!

Gotta say, things aren't looking so good for our scarlet-garbed savior. Starting to think he's not going to be able to save us. The deck is pretty stacked against Matt, but at least he's old and has lived a long life, right? Tyra is who I feel the worst about. She's young and, as far as we know, seems pretty innocent. I can't tell what's worse, being locked in Bullseye's device or the thought of Frank deciding to tell her stories like Bullseye suggested. Either way, things are rough for Tyra. Foggy might be the best off of anyone, as long as the city itself survives. Some of you might disagree with me, comment on his appearance, lack of hair on the top of his head and his general physical characteristics, but things could have gone MUCH worse for ol' Franklin Nelson. Speaking of bleak, how about Elektra? Sure, she looks great, but what did she compromise for that immortality?!?! Anyway, I can't believe we're just one issue away from the end of this epic.

I hope you're all still in as much awe of what Steve and Charles are doing here as I am. I've been lucky enough to have a ringside seat and know that they DEFINITELY stick the landing with their ending.

As for THIS issue, we got to add another legend to the roster with color artist DEAN WHITE! Steve taught himself to color over the first issue, but it proved too time-consuming so he picked out Dean to take the color baton. Dean is really playing the part of an Olympic relay anchor and leaving the rest of the...race teams...in his dust? Okay, it's not the best metaphor, but Dean is certainly one of the best colorists in the business.

Turn the page for your next look at how this book was made, and we'll see you next month for the cranium-blowing conclusion of this sensational saga!

Nick Lowe
Editor
New York, NY

Let's dive back into the process of this very special project. First, to reiterate, Charles and Steve cooked up the plot on this book together; at which point, Charles breaks the general plot into specific scenes. Let's take a look at plot pages nine though twelve:

PAGE NINE

Daredevil makes it to Times Square, where there are many victims of Tyra's light-blast from a few pages back.

They're staggering around, and DD realizes they're all blind.

He calms one down, says he's been blind for many years, and offers some advice. Help is on the way (it'll be better than that, something tailored to something Matt might say, but you get the idea). He asks this person what happened. They explain that it was a GIRL, in a puffy coat with light hair, and Matt flashes back to the explosion moment, seeing in his mind's eye in a radar-vision shot the girl who was at Steve's feet.

He realizes what must have happened – and the way he does is by looking deeper into Times Square. The center of the square is empty other than people reeling around clutching their eyes – but then we cut into Matt's direct POV and see a green, ghostly silhouette of the girl, kneeling on the street, head bowed, in the middle of the mayhem.

The idea is that while the girl is gone, Matt can sense her former presence based on the radiation signature from the issue #1 explosion.

PAGE TEN

Here, Matt follows the girl as she "gets up," runs out of Times Square…and vanishes (probably into a puff of ghostly green smoke). Matt is left with no idea where she went.

PAGE ELEVEN

We are now with the infamous "Bad Guy Van" from issue #1, speeding north along the West Side Highway, which runs along the Hudson River.

We cut inside to see that Goldtooth is here with Tyra in the back of the van. They've kidnapped her and have subdued her. We'll get commentary about two things – first, that Bullseye gave them a radiation sensor that made her easy to find (cut to or have Goldtooth gesture to some sort of gizmo in the back of the van), and second, that the van is shielded so that no one else will be able to do the same. You're all ours now, kid.

Where are we going? To see the boss. He's very excited to meet you. He's gonna lose his mind.

Again.

PAGE TWELVE

We cut to…Foggy Nelson as he talks to clients in his law office atop a New York City skyscraper. Foggy is gray-haired and well-fed, an elder statesman of the city.

He's on the phone, trying to figure out what happened in Times Square, seeing if it's connected to the Hell's Kitchen explosion – the client on the phone asks if the old bad days have come back.

Foggy hears a noise behind him and turns to see, of course, Daredevil, balanced impossibly on some tiny flagpole or gargoyle or something on the building across the street. He looks rail-thin, wild and strange in the snowy wind.

"Could be," says Foggy, to the person on the phone. "Could be."

Daredevil points a single finger up.

Foggy turns back, speaking into his phone. "If you'll excuse me. I have to go. It seems I have another meeting."

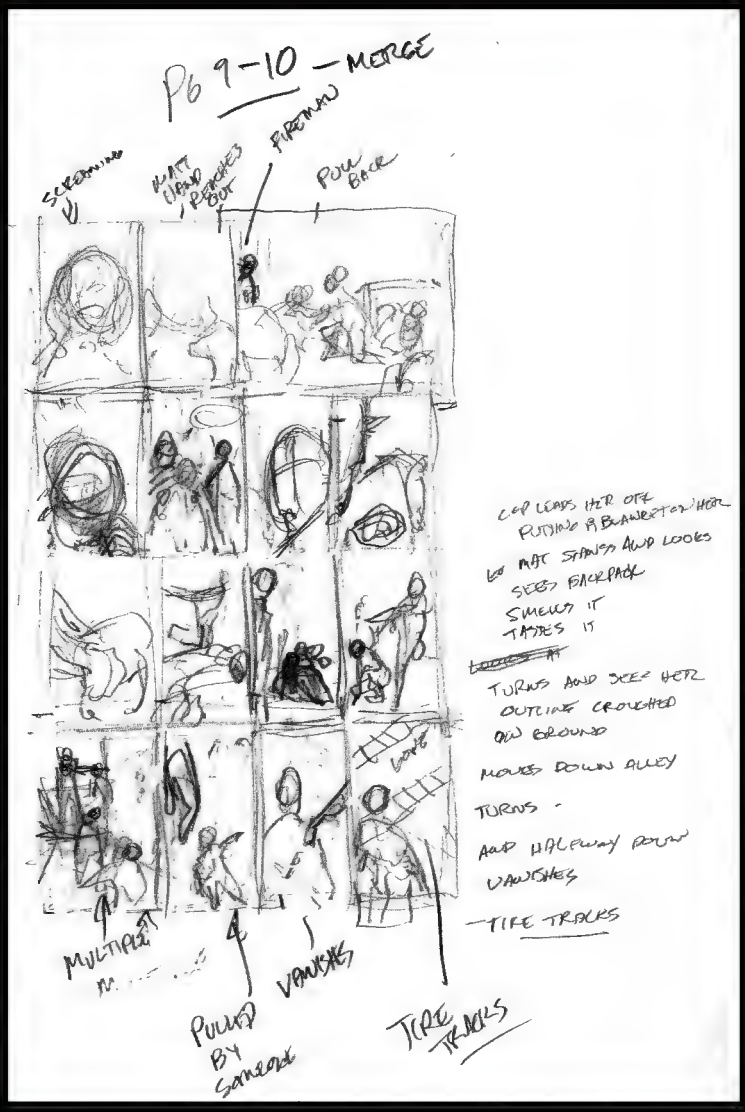
STEVE MCNIVEN: Charles' scene breakdown paced out all of the story beats needed to tell this issue's tale. This allowed me room to arrange the story-telling in a sixteen-panel-per-page format popularized by Frank Miller's *Dark Knight Returns*. So I had plenty of push and pull room and the following rough layouts show this.

I thought I could tell the story in one page as opposed to the two that Charles had framed it in the script.

I wanted to add the backpack in there as I had plans for it when DD meets Foggy later on.

So I added that into the mix as a starting point for DD to use his powers to search for Tyra's trail.

I also wanted to add the tire tracks of the van for DD to take as a clue that he can use later when tracking down the van and the bad guys.

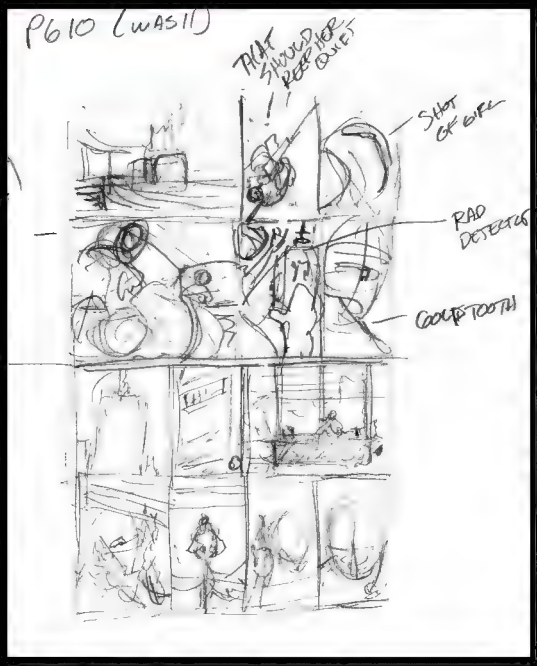


STEVE MCNIVEN: But there just wasn't enough real estate to convey DD following the ghostly image of the girl. I also thought I could combine what Charles broke down as pages eleven and twelve. As you see in my initial breakdown, the top half was the scene in the van with Goldtooth and Tyra and the bottom was to be Foggy as DD surprises him outside his office window.

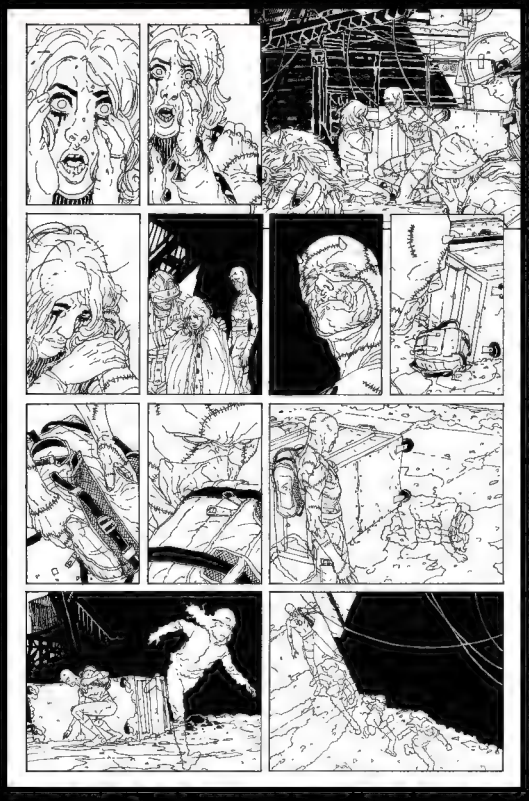
Again, the real estate was not there and it seemed forced. So I moved the last part of my page nine layout over into the next page to free up space to properly show the ghostly trail scene. Then I combined that with the van scene on the top half of this layout to make a single page.

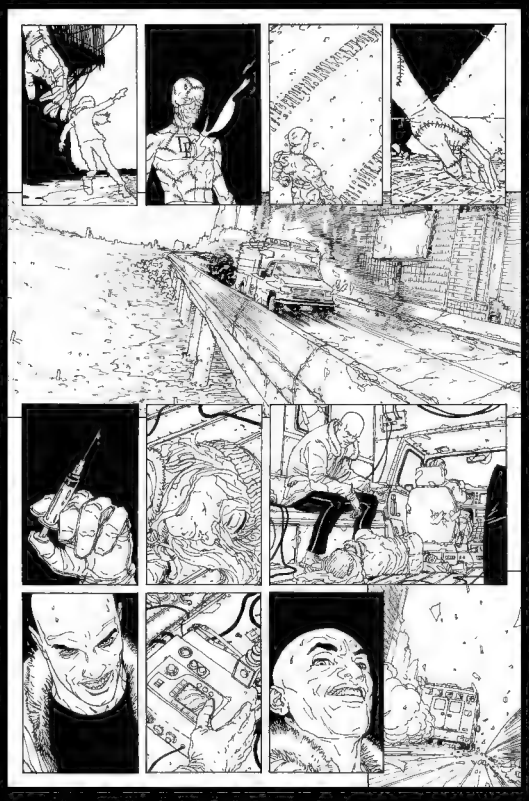
This would be page ten in the finished book if you want to go take a look.

PAGE TEN LAYOUT



PAGES NINE AND TEN INKS





STEVE McNIVEN: I then used the bottom half of previous page ten layout as the basis of the layout for all of page eleven, which you can see here in this layout. The extra room allowed for a nice shot of DD outside Foggy's window.

Here's the layout for page twelve where Foggy and DD meet up on the office rooftop. In the script it called for two pages, but I thought that one would suffice, and this time it did. In the plot, DD was to give Foggy a "clue" that Captain America gave him in issue #1 to help him track down the bad guys responsible for the deadly explosion.

We thought that it would be great if the clue was in the form of a journal that Cap gave to Tyra in the subway and she put it in her backpack. A Cap war journal that maybe some creative folks at Marvel might want to pick up and run with. Part of the fun of doing this story is laying a framework that other Marvel creators might want to explore.

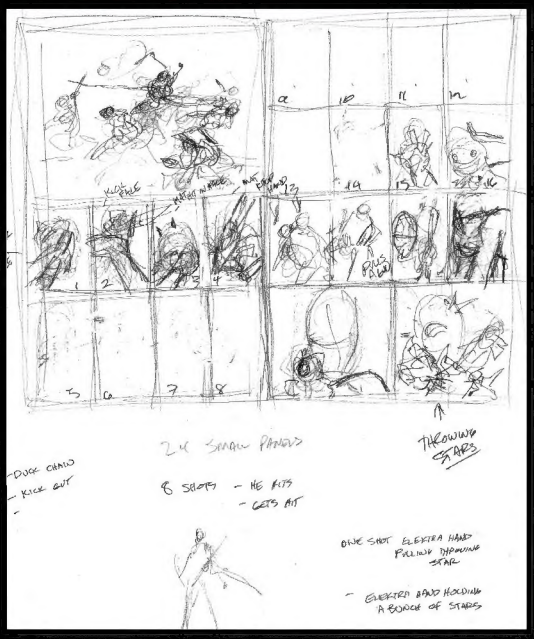
PAGES ELEVEN AND TWELVE LAYOUT

PAGES ELEVEN AND TWELVE INKS

STEVE McNIVEN: This is how I worked out the start of DD's fight with the bad guys from the van, starting on page eighteen and ending on page nineteen. DD ends up at the end of page nineteen knocked down and about to be killed by a bad guy when Elektra steps in to save him using some of her throwing stars.

I liked the idea of one large battle scene followed by smaller panels that focused in tighter on the action. I didn't want the throwing stars to appear out of nowhere at the end of page nineteen, so I placed small panels of Elektra's hand readying the stars and shuffled them into the smaller battle panels.

PAGES EIGHTEEN AND NINTEEN LAYOUT

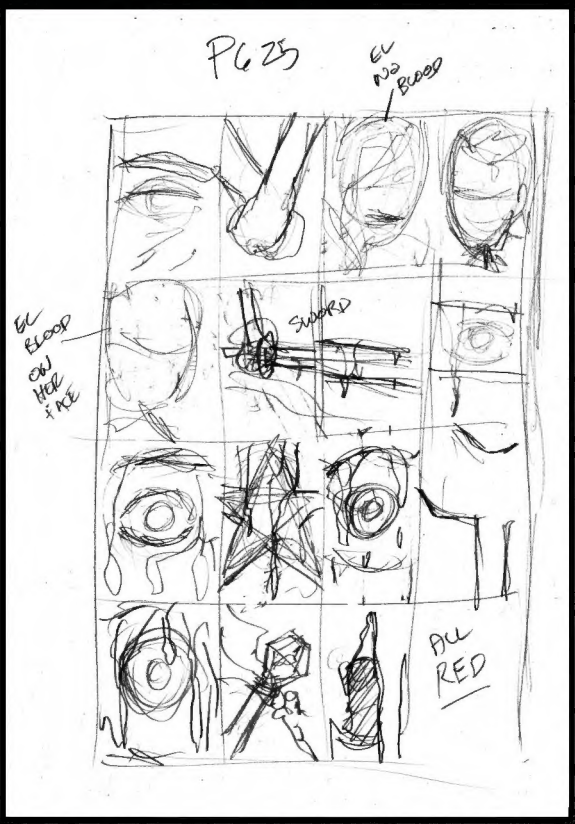


PAGES EIGHTEEN AND NINTEEN INKS

STEVE McNIVEN: Here's my layout for page twenty-five in the book. Matt weighing Elektra's offer of eternal youth with her and what it would cost. It was a lot of fun to visually define Matt coming to a decision using the full scope of the sixteen-panel grid.

NICK LOWE: I wish we had room for Steve to do this with every page. Hope you enjoyed watching Steve show you how he did his magic trick. From here, Dean took the ink scans and worked his magic while Charles wrote out his magic words. I think Charles wouldn't mind me saying that he gained even more respect for Stan Lee and the other writers who did the classic Marvel Method of scripting after the art was finished. It's a challenge to do on any book but even more so when you're trying to build something that can last forever. See you all next month!

PAGE TWENTY-FIVE LAYOUT



PAGE TWENTY-FIVE INKS